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VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

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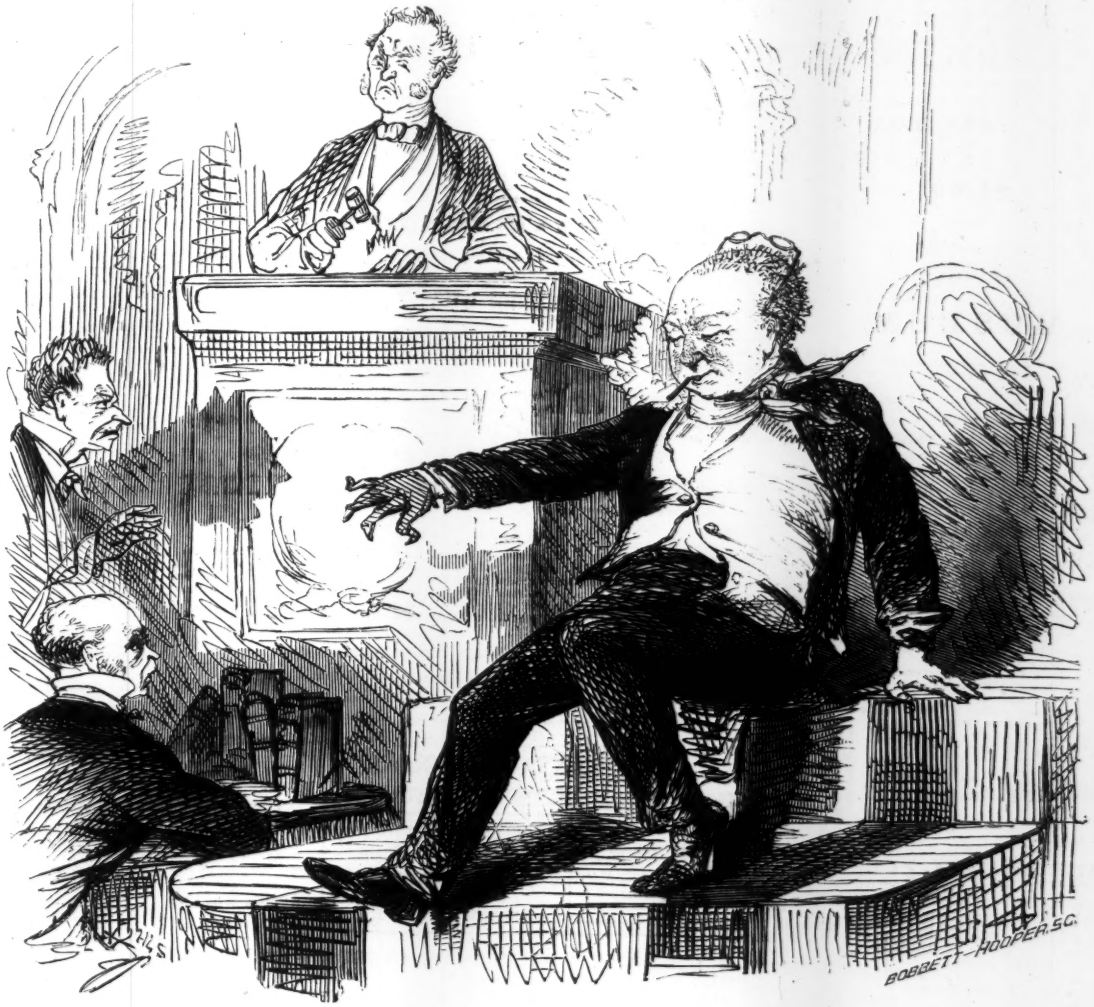
1862.



A SKETCH IN THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

Gov. Letcher.—"I AIN'T DRUNK, EH? DAMFEDERALUNION! IMPOSH'BLE FOR GEN'L'MAN 'SOCIATE WITH NOR'N MAN. WHOOH! FESH ON MORE LIQUOR! THEM'S MY SEMMENS!"

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I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy. More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

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CHAS. STOKES'

CONTINENTAL ALMANAC.

What is the difference between Independence Hall, on Chestnut Street below 8th and Chas. Stokes' "one-price" clothing store, Chestnut below Ninth?—ANS. About three squares.

Why is a lover who composes a pretty sonnet to the features of his "object" like a soldier?—ANS. Because he knows how to write about face.

What great GOOD is advanced by the publications of illustrated works similar to Stokes' Illustrated Almanac?—ANS. Some GOOD, the Engraver.

Why is Stokes' Illustrated Almanac for 1862 like a well-appointed butcher shop?—ANS. Because it is made attractive with fine CUTS.

Why are the wood engravings in Stokes' Almanac like the ships of war at present on the Southern coast?—ANS. Because they are block aids to his business.

Why is a Southern planter like a Prussian nobleman?—ANS. Because he dwells on his Black Oder.

Why should the soldiers outside the walls of Fortress Monroe be convicted for counterfeiting?—ANS. Because they are making wooden "quarters."

Why is a "Revolver" like a volunteer with the measles?—ANS. Because it is SICK SHOOTER.

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RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING;

—OR—

THE WRATH OF THE REBEL RIVAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

By McArone.

CHAPTER IX.

When the barrel was kicked away, as we have said, the Don fell with his whole weight.

But Peter's motto, on that occasion, had been, "a long rope and a short shrift," and he had got his rope a little too long.

Don Rantanquero, therefore, fell upon his feet, and was unhurt. He removed the noose from his neck, and walked away at a brisk pace, fearing that the mob would offer him further indignities.

And, in fact, the Rev. General Polk, who was in the crowd, did try to pick his pocket, but unsuccessfully.

It occurred to the Don, at about this period, that he had not seen Glorianna for a long time, so he kept on his way until the frowning bastions and serried esplanades of Mobile once more arose upon his sight.

He found the angelic partner of his griefs and sorrows rather low-spirited. She was quite out of pocket-money, and while other ladies were buying lots of new things, she had been forced to go without.

The only reason why Don Rantanquero did not give her money immediately, was that he hadn't any.

He could not stand it, however, to see Glorianna suffering for want of so vulgar a necessity, so he set to work to become enormously rich. Nothing can be truer than Ben Franklin's maxim, that a "penny saved is a penny gained." Everybody knows that. The Don knew it, and by a practical application of it, succeeded in raising a very neat little plum. He began by borrowing a penny, and saving it. In this way he had, of course "a penny gained," which, added to the one he had borrowed, made two pennies. These he also saved, making two more gained, and so on, gaining, saving, and gaining, until in a week or so he found himself the happy owner of a fortune of $389,246,857,936,235,976,432,000... considered quite a tidy amount, down South, for a man who began on a borrowed penny.

Glorianna was delighted. She was at once enabled to have new gaiters, and everything nice. She looked more beautiful than ever ...and the odious Peter felt all the more envious and angry toward Don Rantanquero. It is very wrong to be envious of our neighbors.

The Don often told Peter so, when the latter came to Mobile, on business.

"Peter," he used to say, mildly but firmly, "you are a good fellow at heart. There's only one trouble with you. You are a confounded fool. Don't you know you oughtn't to hate me so? It is wrong. I can prove it by Dr. Watts's poems. I married the woman you were sitting up with; I am richer than you are, and I can lick you, by thunder. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

But Peter failed to see the force of argument and reason, no matter how calm and dispassionate, so he continued to envy and hate the good Don Rantanquero, and laid many plans to remove him from this earthly sphere of action.

Mobile and Huntsville being in the hands of the Unionists, the Rebellion began to look rather slim. Beauregard, having had a difficulty with the Don, about the circus business at Huntsville, got mad and went to Charleston with a small army, determined to hold that city, at all hazards. This greatly displeased the Don, who was desirous of owning South Carolina himself, when the war was over; so he called his staff together to hold council.

The young lieutenant of Quadroons was for marching down there with a handful of men, and whipping the Rebels in a fair, stand-up fight. A colonel of river-police wanted to send shadows down to "pipe" them. A major of artillery wanted to wait till it blew Great Guns and then Storm Fort Sumter. General Greeley... recently appointed...wanted to free all the niggers, and give each one a bible, a butcher-knife, a quart of corn-whiskey, and a year's subscription to the *Tribune*...to be paid for by Government.

"Do it quick," said he, "and we can quell the Rebellion in ninety days. Mind you, I don't advocate an insurrection. I am a philanthropist. I love my species. But free the Africans at Christmas, or Fourth of July, or some other time when they're all drunk, and you'll see fun. The Rebel army is mostly composed of men with families. I don't say anything about desolated hearth-stones, smoking ruins, and murdered women and babies, but I do say, 'set the Ethiop at liberty,' and tell him to defend himself. That's all. The Rebel soldiers who have wives and children will leave for home quick enough; and isn't that what we want?"

"You're a blower," said Don Rantanquero, "and if you don't keep quiet, I'll just take and fall on you!"

General Greeley withdrew, and promised never to give any more advice concerning army movements. He had often done so before.

The council broke up without any definite plan, but it was agreed that the army should loaf along down toward Charleston and see what could be done.

Don Rantanquero mounted his goodly steed, then, one soft, sunny morning, and turned his face toward Charleston. He was a sight to look upon, as he sat proudly in his saddle, and not Dana himself was a better horseman. The sun glinted brightly upon his armor, and the plumes of red, white and blue waved fantastically from his cuirass, the barred greaves of which concealed his lovely visage. His broad chest was covered by a massive hauberk of polished steel, and a baldric of the same metal encased each thigh. The casques that defended his thewy arms were finished with gold and diamonds at the elbow-gorgets, and a jeweled gaberdine hung at his side. Glorianna, robed in brocade of cloth-of-gold, with a diamond tiara about her swan-like throat, leaned from her tesselated balcony to give him the stirrup-cup...a heavily-chased chalice of solid Britannia-ware, crusted with ingots, carbuncles and barnacles.

"What is the tod, sweet Love?" asked the Don, peering into the goblet, where a mass of toast floated in amber applejack, among allspice, cloves, and nutmegs.

"It is the nectar that befits one who wars against Southrons;" she responded, in tones like the memory of silver bells; "it is Old Brown!"

They then sang, as a duett, these beautiful lines, in the style of Mrs. Hemans, though not written by her:

Air.—"*Mushrat drinkin' beer.*"

Don R.—"Up in New York they have long been a-thinking
Juleps and punches wo-o-on't do any longer!
Folks are getting tired of such common drinking,
Whack fol de rol, whack fol de riddle day!"

"A Young Man's Best Capital is his head;"
Says the Phrenologist.

"Them's My Sentiments, Too:"
Says the Hairdresser.

Glorianna.—"Some jolly genius has just found a clever way of making
This bran new toddy and it's all the go with drinking people,
No more hot coppers, no more marrow-bones and heads aching,
Whack fol de rol, whack fol de riddle day!"

Don.—"First make a toast, brown without and within it,
Cool it completely, and sho-o-ove it in your liquor,
Then add your sugar and spices in a minute,
Whack fol de rol, whack fol de riddle day!"

Glorianna.—"Serve up the drink, hot as fire can make it short of boiling,
Then you will swear that Old Brown's the best of modern toddy,
Then you'll forget all your sorrows, pain and weary toiling,
Whack fol de rol, whack fol de riddle day!"

"I have drank it," said the Don, sadly, at Crook & Duff's in palmier days, before things was so much mixed. But let that pass. Take care of yourself, Love."

"So long," replied Glorianna, and waved her lily-white hand. He was gone.

Hardly enough time had elapsed for Don Rantanquero to have ridden a hundred miles, before Peter came leaping into the balcony-window, with a bowie-knife.

"You are mine!" shrieked he.

Glorianna recoiled, but recovering herself, drew a jewel-hilted poniard from her under-handkerchief, and a fencing-match ensued. It was brief, however. Peter was skillful with the weapon, and ere long, Glorianna's tiny dagger flew from her hand, leaving her defenceless . . .

"Ha!" shouted the Rebel Rival; "now I think I've got you!"

Concluded in our next

The effect of a Hand Show.

When McClellan shows his Hand the rebels will probably show their Heels.

"O, LET THOSE PEOPLE GO."

Dedicated to those who are partial to Contraband Melodies and who advocate the Hanging of Privateersmen.

I.

Brave Corcoran and several more
In Charleston are a show;
From massive cell and grated door
O, let those people go!
Chorus.—O, come down, McClellan,
Away down to Dixie's Land,
But hostages must not be hanged,
So let those people go!

II.

We've taken soldiers, rank and file,
But 'twas on land, you know,
Where hanging isn't quite our style,
And so we let them go.
But great General Greeley,
He wants to hang all Dixie's Land;
He said "lock up the Privateers;
Don't let those people go!"

III.

So they were locked in the felon's cell,
Their diet was kept low,
Until the execution bell
Should let those people go.
And poor Colonel Corcoran,
Away down in Dixie's Land
Is treated just the same until
We let those people go.

IV.

Can anybody understand
Why mercy we should show
To none but Rebels on the land?
O, let those people go!
And know, Abraham Lincoln,
That Corcoran pines in Dixie's Land
A hostage for the privateers,
So let those people go!

V.

This thing admits of no defence,
It never should be so;
Then let us use our common sense,
And let those people go.
O, send down the "pirates,"
Away down to Dixie's Land,
To ope the doors of Charleston jail
And let our people go!

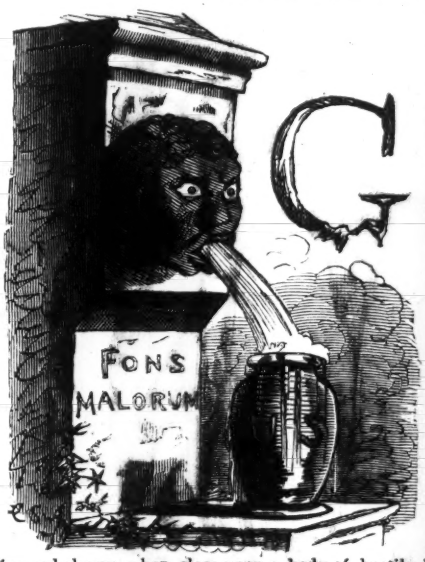
THE CHARMING NAIVETE OF SINNERS.

The late exposure of the Albany Lobby doings is remarkable in nothing save the refreshing impudence of those witnesses who owned up to having received bribe money. One says "I found a check for two hundred and fifty dollars in my hat—but I don't know who put it there." Another got five thousand dollars for corrupting influence. Others got divers sums for doing or not doing, this, that and the other, as the case might be. Years ago people in such circumstances would have blanched and trembled at thought of the opprobium that awaited them upon the publication of such disclosures. Not so with the gentlemen just hauled over the coals, however. No. They own up to all charges of corruption with serene brows and glib tongues. In fact they seem to feel themselves somebodies in proportion to the prices set upon them by their buyers. Some of them however sold themselves at prices considerably lower than that of a ten year old negro boy in the Gulf States. If every man has his price, it strikes us that these sharp politicians who voluntarily went into bondage might at least have obtained prices better than those quoted for cotton-pickers and worn-out Aunties. But that is of course a matter about which they are the best judges.

According to the Books.

"It is a long lane that has no turn," so the good people of the Northwest are confident that their favorite General, Jim Lane, is soon to have his Turn with the Seceders.

HORSE, FOOT, AND ARTILLERY.



ARGOYLE, who "wrote in crabbed Latin, and voluminously that in," as TUPPER pleasantly says of him in his "Eidolon," is responsible for the assertion that one of the old-time Deys of Algiers had a regiment of cavalry the horses of which were provided with short scythes, affixed to their hind heels like spurs. The manœuvre was to wheel suddenly round in the forward charge when close upon a body of hostile infantry, and, by a judicious use of the whip and spur, to set the horses kicking furiously. It may readily be imagined that fearful havoc must have resulted from this novel and ingenious kind of sword exercise; and it might be well worth the consideration of our new Secretary of War, whether it would not be a good move to buy up all the kicking horses that are to be found throughout the country, and organize with them a regiment or two of Calcitrators, which might be found very effective against the other kind of Traitors with whom our present national difficulty originated. In connection with this subject, we respectfully solicit the attention of the Secretary of War to the following extract from a daily journal:

> About one-third of the horses furnished to the government by contractors, at a cost ranging between one hundred and nine and one hundred and forty-five dollars each, are either too old for service, ring-boned, spavined, broken-winded, or otherwise entirely unfit for use. The Western country, it is said, has been entirely cleaned out of diseased horses.

It is needless for us to remark that horses of the sort described above would be totally unfit for the kind of service proposed by us, as it must be quite obvious that, to be an efficient Calcitrator, a horse must at least have a Kick in him.

Notwithstanding the felicitous turn taken by the MASON and SLIDELL affair, it may not be out of place here to say that government money might be worse expended than in arranging a powerful combination for the harbor defence of the City of New York in particular, and of our other sea-board cities in general. Twenty years ago, Messrs. STEVENS of Castle Point, near the pleasant little hamlet of Hoboken on the Jersey shore, addressed a letter to a certain Board of Army and Navy Officers, recommending a system of mail clad steamers for harbor and coast defence. From that letter we gathered that the STEVENS family in question is lineally descended from one of the Roundheads of old, because they recommend in it the adoption of the STEVENS Circular Scull as a propeller. In 1854 the Messrs. STEVENS commenced building the mysterious "ram," or iron-cased floating battery, of which so much has been heard for years, and so little known until quite lately. From that time until a month or so back, the principal occupation of the present Mr. STEVENS of Castle Point appears to have been firing cannon balls into successive plates of iron until he arrived at plates into which no cannon ball could be got to penetrate. With a panoply of such plates he has encased his great floating ram, or rampart, rather, we should call it. Government appointed a commission of officers, lately, to examine into the merits of the STEVENS Rampart. The commission of officers decided that the recoil of the immense guns would tear up the deck of that vessel or any other rampart. The deck of the vessel was produced and the guns were fired from it, and there did not seem to be any particular harm done by the recoil. Up to the present hour, then, the Floating Battery must be considered a success, though the authorities do not as yet "seem to see it."

Should the Floating Battery be completed and adopted as a government defence, we understand that Mr. STEVENS intends naming it after a well-known hero of one of the prolific BULWER'S most popular novels. It is to be called the EUGENE A. RAM.

PATERFAMILIAS AND THE PEDAGOGUES.

We congratulate PATERFAMILIAS, who has lately come out strong in the newspapers on the subject of public schools, upon his having at last wakened up, wiped his spectacles, and taken observations. The result of this movement on the part of PATERFAMILIAS cannot as yet be predicted with anything approaching certainty; but, if the suggestions thrown out by him regarding what is called the "mental culture" of young children in our primary schools should lead eventually to a reform in that severe process, we think that some such beneficial effects as the following might accrue to pupils. We are supposing an examination at one of the public schools.

Master BENDER, upon being asked to define all the territories of the United States and the State of Oregon, buckled on a pair of skates, and, proceeding to a pond laid out for the purpose, executed a very neat map of the districts in question, by cutting about upon the ice.

WORCESTER'S Dictionary was illustrated by Master QUIDOR, who selected from it the words base-ball, cricket, marbles, top, kite, ball, hoop and pony, making a play upon each word according to the rules of the game or exercise denoted by it.

In the girl's school, EMMA TILBURY, aged 11, was asked to give the difference in area between TOM TIDDLER'S Ground and Washington Park. This she did in a very clever way, by running round the latter while the teacher was reading out two pages of the former.

It was remarked by the visitors in both departments, that the children did not know less about general subjects of information since the hours of study were reduced from eighteen out of the twenty-four to six. The only objection to the new system appeared to be that the appetites of the youngsters were much better than under the previous one, and that the cheeks of some of them were beginning to display the somewhat "blowzy" appearance imparted by sufficiency of air, exercise, and sleep.

THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA GOING TO THE BAD.

Everybody that is anybody has heard of LETCHER—Governor of Virginia and a prime old fool generally. Such will hardly be surprised at the recent appearance of this functionary in the House of Delegates, Richmond, in a state of intoxication. The *Examiner* says—

> "In the midst of the debate, JOHN LETCHER, Governor of Virginia, came into the legislative chamber drunk, and sat on the steps leading to the Speaker's chair for the full space of half an hour, with a segar in his mouth, making himself a spectacle for the whole house, and a butt for the jokes of the gallery."

We expected as much as this. In a country where horse-thieves are admitted to the best society it is only natural that vulgarity should become conspicuous. We do not see that Governor LETCHER in his character of the Drunkard, is more deserving of censure than Gen. FLOYD in his character of the Great North American Swindler.

The *Examiner* should not be too severe on the folly of fools, whose only aim is to become public butts, and with the same pen glorify the villanies of arch-traitors.

Poor LETCHER is, however, undoubtedly going to the bad. Corn whiskey will surely jug him by-and-bye, unless the blockade cuts off the supply. Little boys, listen! See what it is to be a Governor of a seceshed State! Take warning by LETCHER, and don't Let Your playmates ever hear you express a desire to become an office-holder in the confederacy. Poor LETCHER will perhaps one day afford a delightful specimen of Delirium Tremens and command a pauper's funeral—for such is Life in the rebel republic.

Don't heed them.

Somebody has invented Bullet-Proof Vests for the Army—the Federal Army we mean. Now our advice to the patentee would be—send your life-preserving waistcoats South, where they will command a premium and be fairly tested. Our troops will find them utterly useless, unless the general aim of the rebels has improved within a week or so.

Much About So.

Speaking of the land-operations and naval expeditions, X. gives it as his opinion that the Stone Fleet is the best thing yet, on the Rebels. "We give them Nuts to crack," says he, "but they seem to fear our Kernels less than our Hulls!"

CHURCH AND STAGE.

SHOWING THE LATEST DODGE FOR "FILLING A HOUSE," AS TRIED ON IN THE SERIOUS FARCE OF "THE OLD FOLK'S WEDDING," AT CONCERT HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

OUR RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

Taurus Britannicus.—Cuvier. *Bos Anglicanus.—Buffon.*
Homo Tauriformis.—Vanity Fair.

Several naturalists of ability have given to this well-known animal the title of BRITANNICCUSS, in allusion to its well-known Brummagem origin and to the mixed metal which rigid investigation shows predominating in his bones, his blood and his spoons. Should he be classified by American naturalists, we would suggest the title of BOGUS BOS, which means the same thing, and will be more intelligible to ordinary students.

Following the usual scientific analogy, we should rank this beast with the ruminating animals, but for the reason that he never ruminates. On the other hand, upon the slightest provocation, such as the waving before him any flag with red in it, except his own, *Homo Tauriformis*, or JOHN BULL as he is vulgarly called, becomes exceedingly excited, and not only swears a great deal, but drinks a prodigious quantity of beer, which causes him to swear a great deal more. From this circumstance, he has been entitled by an eminent French naturalist, MONS. GODDAM. This Bull, however, is essentially carnivorous, and in certain localities, as for instance in Ireland, he is anthropophagous, having reduced to bones most of the men, women and children of that kingdom. Many years ago, he attempted to try his teeth upon the people of America, but found them altogether too tough, an unfortunate circumstance which he has never forgiven; for at the mention of the American name, the dreadful fit of indigestion which he then experienced is instantly recalled to his memory; whereupon he is observed to elevate his caudal extremity at an angle of 45° with a corresponding depression of his head, while from his throat issues a series of rapid emotional bellows, proving that he feels uncommonly unwell.

His appetite for the dreadful food above indicated is unfailing. Essentially a meandering beast, and having exhausted his home supplies, he has, without offering to pay a penny for his marketing, foraged in all parts of the world, and having eaten nearly the entire population of India, he has recently exhibited a longing for Chinese man-meat, and a determination at any cost to gratify his propensity. At intervals of his repasts, he has been observed to roll his eye towards the United States, but it is supposed that upon second thoughts, he has concluded not to try it on.

Probably, no animal known to the naturalist has a better opinion of himself than the British Bull; and it has even been hinted by learned Anglican historians, that when Jupiter became weary of carrying Europa, he paddled himself to England, without re-metamorphosing his metamorphosis, and is now the identical animal inhabiting that island. Certainly, the present Bull always insists that his bellowing is the loudest kind of thunder; and the glance of his eye—which is really a dull and fishy organ—he mistakes for lightning. The presumption of other animals, in assuming to be anybody, or to live at all upon the face of the earth, is what this beast can by no means pardon; in consequence of which, he has always been fighting with the Roman bear, the German boar, the French cock and the American eagle. Whenever any poor animal has managed to make things snug and comfortable about him, it has been the invariable practice of the Bull to claim the property; and, if possible, to eject the possessor. Sometimes he has succeeded, and sometimes he has returned with quite a colony of fleas in his ear; but victorious or vanquished, he has always come out of the contest, roaring like a conqueror; swearing that he gave the fellow a devil of a rib-roasting, and threatening to gore any historian who should venture to record otherwise.

Bulls of the ordinary varieties, are provided with short noses; but the British Bull has an uncommonly long one, particularly for smelling things at a great distance; while it is remarkable, that for precisely the same things, when directly under his nose, he has no scent at all. Whenever anything unpleasant has occurred in some distant quarter of the world, this Bull gives an intensely philanthropical sniff, and roars out a moral lecture to the universe, in which he plainly proves that he is the only Christian Beast extant, all others being infidels, humbugs, and swindlers; but if you direct his attention to precisely the same rascalities in his own dominions, his smell leaves him; and he also instantly becomes deaf and blind, and so nearly dumb that he only opens his mouth wide enough to thank Providence that he is a British Bull, and not as other Bulls are, to say nothing of the dissolute, rascally, swindling, tobacco-chewing Eagle.

It must not be supposed from this that the Bull who is so particularly hard upon other beasts who are slow pay, himself pays his debts; for he is distinguished from all other creatures by the simple fact that he does not pay his bills, nor pretend to pay them. He is an insolvent of about two hundred years standing; and, what is more, he has no wish to be whitewashed; for he has an impression that it is quite a genteel thing for *him* to owe a great deal of money.

In conclusion, we may notice that from the name of this especially agreeable beast, comes the English word "BULLY," which signifies all that is lovely in disposition, charming in character and chivalrous in deportment; which indicates the soul of good fellowship, benevolence and honor; and which, in short, stands for all those winning qualities which have secured for this amiable creature the title of BULLY JOHN.

GORILLA BRITANNICUS.

"He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists, till it sounded like an immense bass drum, meantime giving vent to roar after roar. (*Du Chaillu.*

MORE IDIOCY.

Mr. STEVENS, Abolitionist member of the House of Representatives, from Pennsylvania, is a very funny sort of person. He had better go to Russia. Russia would suit him to a dot. The Government of that distant and facetious land is exactly what he wishes to establish here. We wish Mr. STEVENS would go there; although we can but think that it would be a sad thing for Russia.

Some men are born foolish; some achieve folly; others have it thrust upon them. Mr. STEVENS gives evidences of the first-mentioned affliction. We humbly beg pardon of our readers for presenting some little extracts from a recent speech made by this person, but we wish to impress those who vote for Representatives, with a wholesome caution as to what they are doing. They may, in voting for an honest, sane man, as they think, be electing a STEVENS unawares. Speaking of the Rebels, he says:

"The South can never be reduced so long as this War is prosecuted on its present principles.. so long as they are left the means of cltivating their fields by forced labor.... Their domestic institutions give them great advantages in War.... To end the War successfully and promptly, therefore, the slaves must be made our allies.... Which is most to be abhorred, a Rebellion of slaves fighting for their liberty, or a Rebellion of free men fighting to murder the nation?... The Constitution says that 'the President shall take care that the laws shall be faithfully executed,' and creates him for the time of emergency as much a Dictator, as a decree of the Roman Senate, whose dictators exercised all proper power necessary for the public safety, whether the means were inscribed on their tables or not... Rather than see the nation dishonored by compromise or concession, I would confer that power now. O, for six months resurrection in the flesh of stern old JACKSON? He, in this crisis, would abolish slavery. He would arm a free people of color, he would march into the heart of slavedom, not to pick cotton, but to put weapons into every freedman's hands.... The necessity of a Dictatorship is evident, to snatch the nation from the jaws of death ....Manumit the slaves, and the War would end in six months. Leave them to the Rebels, and I doubt if six years will end it. At the same time, I admit it to be the most terrible weapon in our armory. Is that an argument against its use?"

And all this, from a man who professes to be a Republican, a Christian, and various other things which he is not.

The Czar of Russia is as much of a Dictator as Mr. STEVENS can desire. He has lately tried the experiment of emancipating the slaves, too. Could anything be more suitable to the philanthropic mind of STEVENS? Especially as he despairs of this country. He says, and we think with a rather unwholesome boldness, that the Rebels have the advantage of us and we can not conquer them, as we now propose to do. The *Daily News* used to say the same thing. The *Daily News* is dead.

Now, if Mr STEVENS really believes all this fol-de-rol, he is in a bad way. The prospect of more than "six years" of civil War is not pleasant, and even that will be of no use, says STEVENS, unless you free the Nigger. Wherefore, instead of seeking, in the balmy clime of Russia, the Dictatorial emancipation he yearns for, he prays for a resurrection of the "stern old JACKSON," to re-enact the light and festal scenes of the St. Domingo insurrection. The "stern old JACKSON," could he hear Mr. STEVENS, would hardly feel complimented at this novel character so easily given him. At the battle of New Orleans, JACKSON and other slaveholders placed a few armed negroes on the earthworks to complete them and repair them under the first fire of the enemy. These slaves claimed to have been promised their freedom, but they never got it. Is that the kind of thing that Mr. STEVENS means by "making the slaves our Allies?"

The humiliating falsehood, so often fulminated in Congress by STEVENS, LOVEJOY, and other lunatics, that we are incapable of conducting this War and suppressing the Rebellion, has a marked effect upon our Foreign relations, and should be stopped. With our population, our resources, our enthusiasm, and our Cause, Mr. STEVENS should be ashamed of himself for hinting that we can not conquer the half-armed, disorganized military mob now dignified with the name of the "Confederate Army." With the Southern people living and moving only by means of their niggers; with their coast thoroughly blockaded; with their treasury worse than empty; with their country paralyzed, their soldiery demoralized, their press disaffected and their leaders bewildered, must we, forsooth, despair, unless we can get the help of a few hundred thousand semi-barbarous and idle slaves to murder, burn, violate, and lay waste?

Go to Russia, Mr. STEVENS; go anywhere, where you can hide your insignificant head and have your ridiculous words forgotten by all decent men! If there are tremulous and cowardly persons among us, who dare not look the Rebellion in the face without getting behind a mighty, gigantic and full-flavored Nigger, we really can see no object in sending them to Congress to exhibit their timorous insanity.

THE CONTRACTOR'S PLAINT.

I.

Ah me! each recent purchase
Has sold me, even at its sale;
Now C–M–R–N is virtuous
There are no more cakes and ale!

II.

I bought, just for a flyer,
When merchants were in sorry straits,
And, wishing to rate higher,
I sold at higher rates.

III.

The military Body,
As prices rise or prices fall
Might sometimes walk in Shoddy,
Sometimes not Shod at all.

IV.

And though it may sound funny,
I now can most sincerely say
That, so I gained the Money,
I cared not who gained the Day.

V.

If we but drove the traitors
As hard as I my bargains drive
We'd be but small potatoes
If one were left alive.

VI.

The shoddy . . . they could bear it
Quite well, as speculations go . . .
I suffered them to wear it . . .
That's why they Suffered so.

VII.

Importers, merchants, factors,
Behind me always had to stand,
For, strangely, we Contractors
The markets all Expand!

VIII.

But my golden reign is over,
I've had, like other dogs, my day;
Where once I was in Clover,
What am I now in . . . Hay?

The Comic Puritan.

In an advertisement of a lecture by a Rev. Mr. CONWAY, delivered in the Church of the Puritans on Thursday evening last—subject, the emancipation of the contraband—that reverend gentleman is facetiously "underlined" as a native of "Ole Virginy." If the Church of the Puritans goes on getting funny after this fashion, we may soon hear that the Rev. CHEEVER, of that establishment, has gone into partnership with GEORGE CHRISTY, learned to play upon the bones, engaged Brother CONWAY as an "end-man," and opened his church with entirely new fittings and decorations as a Tabernacle of Timbuctoo.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

JOHN BRENT: BY THEODORE WINTHROP. BOSTON: TICKNOR AND FIELDS. For sale in New York, by SHELDON & Co.

A varied picture of mountain and prairie life, by the lamented author of "Cecil Dreeme." The volume is neatly got up; but we must point out a curious typographical error in the French title of tne twenty-fifth chapter, where the superfluous accent involves a grammatical blunder.

PRAYERS: BY THEODORE PARKER. BOSTON: WALKER, WISE AND COMPANY. For sale in New York, by J. MILLER.

A tidy, compact little volume, and one that commends itself to all who do not think the country and its inhabitants "past praying for"—as we don't.

Reflection in a Restaurant.

Well may our country now be likened unto a tavern, of which Government is the chief Waiter, to whom cry many wooden ships, saying—"Waiter! waiter! here! hi! hi! bring us some Plates, quick!"

"All Orders Thankfully Received."

"BABY-TALK."

Opinions of The Undersigned.

I am, generally speaking, well-disposed toward the language of my own, my native land. Indeed, I have rather a warm affection for it than otherwise; for is it not the constant and laborious writing thereof that procures me my bread, my garments, my tobacco and my beer?

It is, then, a matter of serious concern to me, that this language is, rapidly degenerating. I hear nobody speak it correctly. The conversation of intelligent people, even, is a jargon of the most painful quality. Only yesterday, I heard a parent say to a child, in a moment of instructive wrath, "*I'll learn yer ter tork bad grammar!*" Comment is superfluous.

I believe that the great trouble lies in our early training. The lessons instilled into our young and plastic minds while yet the bib, the cradle and the diaper are our familiar surroundings, produce a far deeper impression than many later-learned tasks. The Previous, in a word, stands grievously in the way of the Subsequent.

That is, the foundation of our wretched carelessness and ignorance of our own language lies in that hoary abuse, that time-honored falsity, Baby-Talk!

I am sadly aware that I am at this moment sowing the seeds of misery for myself. I am incurring the wrath of the Matrons of America. But I can not help it. It is not that I love Matrons less, but Language more.

How can a child, just learning the use of the larynx, pharynx, œsophagus and epiglottis, attain to correctness in a language which he has never heard spoken? How can he learn to recognize as a Foot, that member which he has heard mentioned only as a Tootsey? What connection can his vague and unsophisticated mind discern between his Hand and a Pad?

I know a young father, an excellent man, a model citizen, a careful and conscientious soul, an exemplary friend, and one who, upon all other subjects is apparently of the soundest mind and judgment, but who can not approach his infant son without a temporary loss of reason. What would you think, were a stranger, just introduced to you, to begin by insanely shouting "Kypse! kypse!" and continue it for ten minutes?

What would you think, were your servant to announce the evening meal to yourself and family in the obscure formula of "Wantee tuppers?"

Yet thus we maltreat our offspring. The child, habitually addressed in this way, is bewildered. It opens its little round eyes, partly in astonishment, partly in grief, at the sudden idiocy of its nurse or parent, but finishes by adopting the idiom and the idiocy together. In order to learn that a certain animal is called a Dog, it must have a long tuition of calling it a Bow-wow. In order to acquire a clean and pure pronunciation, it must Bumpee itty headee, Mummur itty possom, soee sood. Can anything be more melancholy, to one who loves the "well of English, undefiled?"

Briefly, I protest against teaching children a sort of "patter," resembling nothing so much as the thieves' slang, and then unteaching them, with infinite labor and pains, so as to prepare them for learning the language they are to talk . . . or mutilate . . . for the rest of their lives.

Let me give one sample of what we should come to in a few generations, were not the fearful Baby-Talk partially annulled by our printed language. Suppose we learned only by hearing others speak, and that the natural result of word demoralization clung to us, increasing with each successive generation. Would not one of the most charming poems in our abused language come to sound like this?

Bake, bake, bakey,
On dy gay tones, O, Sea!
An' I wo dy me tung could utter
Ze tort dat risey in me.

O well fo ze fissermun boy,
Dat soo ey wizzy sissy, p'ay!
O well fo ze sailey laddy-daddy-addy,
Singey boatee onee bay!

An' statey-atey sips go on
To havey-avey unner ze hill;
But O, tuzzy-wuzzy vanissy pad,
An' souney-wouney voicey 'till!

Bake, bake, bakey,
At toofsey dy c'ags, O, Sea!
But teddy-eddy g'ace of day iss deady
'll never tum backy to me!

I most abjectly beg Mr. Tennyson to pardon me, but when he reads this playful paraphrase, he may know how it sounds to a sensible man to hear him talking . . . as he doubtless does . . . to infants.

But I may be wrong. It may be the easiest way to teach the language. In that case, I earnestly recommend its adoption by all students. Let it be applied to French. Let the scholar be taught a distorted hash of the sweet Gallic at first, and told that instead of *main*, or *pied*, he must say Bob, or Mugsey, for a year or two. If the philologists agree to this, on mature investigation, and adopt the Maternal Fount of Language, as it may be termed, for their pupils' daily use, I shall take a vivacious pleasure in withdrawing all that I have said here, and imploring the Matrons of America to forgive

The Undersigned.

INNOCENT SNOW.

Innocent Snow! innocent Snow!
Sweet emblem of all that is pure,
'Tis little about our City you know,
Else you never would visit it, sure.

In the Heaven from which to our slums you descend
Of Hackney, you ne'er could have heard,
Or you'd surely have asked the advice of a friend,
Ere his Ways to your own you preferred.

My heart is depressed for you, innocent Snow,
In the garbage-box foul as you lie,
Poor victim of fraudulent men, here below,
Who, in swindling, each other outvie.

Were our sham City Fathers but honest and true,
Each street, lane and alley might be
Now and then freshly carpeted over by you,
Instead of all slush to the knee.

He may do it.

We are not a prophet nor the grandmother of a prophet—like the old party at the *Herald* office, but we will venture to predict that it would startle nobody if the Associated Press Correspondent at Washington should send once more over the wires his favorite telegram—"All Quiet along the lines."

WINTER SPORTS OF THE OMNIBUS HORSE.

Not a few persons believe that the Central Park contains the slipperiest thing or arrangement in New York.

This is a fallacy.

(N. B.—Far-sighted people may see a pun in that word, thus Fall-*icy*—but we will not press the point too closely upon their attention.) The skating pond is slippery, but its slipperiness is nothing compared to that of Broadway. The C. P. pond is the people's pond—the popular skating ground. Broadway is the Metropolitan horse pond—the equine sliding ground three miles long. As the former was instituted for the purpose of adding to health and happiness, and improving the physique of Tax Payers and their offspring, so the latter was established for the advantage and amusement of well-taxed stage horses and their frisky young ones. Unlike the sports of the people at Central Park Pond, the sports of the omnibus steed are in season the year round, with very little intermission. However, the fun is at its height during the frosty months, and by jingo! the sport is rare indeed. Strange to say there has been thus far no account published by any enterprising city daily, of this favorite stage-horse amusement. Everything else has been sketched to death, but this attractive subject has failed to get even a one line notice. It isn't Fair—as the drivers say. We thought so, and brought out a young man to look after the matter—a young man who once "authorized" a poem, with pen and ink scenery, entitled "The Lay uv the Homlibus 'Orse." This young man was absent on his mission about three weeks, and we had just concluded that, having forgotten his errand, he was busily engaged in hunting up the Burnside Expedition instead, when "lo! and behold!" he appeared in the horizon of our sanctum, supported on either side by an infirm quadruped which he termed "Bus Critters." The animals sagaciously carried their tails in their mouths, the appendages having worked loose in their sockets and dropped out. Eyes and teeth were wanting to each. One was spavined, the other practised the string-halt. One heaved like a water-logged ship on the Morris and Essex Canal—the other let drop his tongue after the manner of children when the family doctor calls in a friendly way. Poor fellow! He looked bad. We of course offered chairs all round and requested the young man to bring his "critters" near the Liverpool coal fire, so that they might warm their feet. After awhile we got the young party's experience away from him, and here are some of its most telling points. They are given unconnectedly, because they are in no wise connected.

The Explorer said that he determined to write a five hundred page book on the subject when he started out, so, on the strength of his prospects, he dined at Crook & Duff's Inn. He then sallied forth, crossed the Park, and inquired of himself where he was. The answer came, "Broadway—bounded by Stewart's, Delmonico's, the most handsome of the handsome policemen, and other things." That's geographical. The horses were at it in force—indeed they seemed that day to be indulging in an extra grand Route—a regular Russ pavement frolic—a high old slide, and so on. In sight were thirty-three stages, a pair of steed-Sports attached to each. At a quarter past eleven o'clock nineteen horses went down, kerflop! Three of them broke themselves all to pieces, and the wind soon scattered the atoms somewhere. Two got up without their heads, which the driver discovered, however, and fastened on with prepared glue—the only difficulty, was that he bungled and put the wrong heads on the right horses, or else the right heads on the wrong horses. That was an unimportant matter, though, and the "Critters" hobbled off towards Whitehall. Most of the animals enjoyed the fun immensely—sliding blocks at a time, and going down purposely just for the lark of getting their drivers to dismount from their boxes. The most exciting incident of the day was a stunning slide made by two animals belonging to the Fourteenth Street line. These made a start at Union Square and slid clean to South Ferry without a stop—and that, too, on their sides, sprawled out as it were. They were evidently greatly elated with their feat, notwithstanding that the prolonged friction wore away about twenty pounds of valuable flesh, and shortened several useful bones. They offered to turn over and slide up to the Ninth Avenue again, and acted as though they thought that they could not walk or trot. Their capers found many imitators, but none met with such brilliant success.

The captured chargers which our attaché brought in, he had secured from a Bleecker street 'bus—they had fallen accidentally, and the stage wheels rolled over them seriously. At first, falling rather knocked a horse up, but practice has inured the beasts to it, and now they rather like it. There is hardly a horse belonging to any stage line that does not make his three Trips a day—if you don't believe it ask the drivers.

WORTHLESS BOOTY.

The man who won the elephant by throwing triple sixes,
Was not more bothered than John Bull with the plenipos from Dixie's.
Such envoys are nor fish nor flesh, he scarce knows how to place them,
And in his wrath at what they cost, from London fain would chase them.

He turns his nose up at their yarns, he spits on their credentials,
He tells them Dixie's cotton bales will soon be non-essentials,
And much blasphemes his gouty limbs, and pipes each optic fountain,
That such small samples of the *mus* should come of such a mountain.

The *London Times*, in substance, says: "Altho' 'twas England's duty
To rescue Mason and Slidell, they're mighty *worthless booty*,
And let not Englishmen degrade themselves, their flag, their nation
By giving *fellows* such as these, a humbugging ovation."

"Their dirty object is of course, in their confounded wrangle
The land they've many a time reviled—the blackguards!—to entangle,
And what does England care for them—two greasy negro helots
She would have fought for just as soon as these slave-driving zealots."

"She merely tolerates them here—their balderdash and scandal
Let those attend to, who may think such small game worth the candle,
As foes, not friends in sore distress, she gives the creatures shelter,
Requiting with contempt the slang with which they used to pelt her."

Thus vents fat John his scorn and spleen, nor is it very strange he
Kicks at the price he's had to pay for curs so mean and mangy,
Poor wretches they must feel far worse than when our eagle tore them
From Britain's "sacred" quarter-deck, and to Fort Warren bore them.

They were at least of *some* account, when as State captives guarded
By files of men with loaded guns, and fed on chickens larded;
But now their "lion" course is run—and people smile in wonder
To think that only some "small beer," has come of all that thunder.

A JUDGMENT ON THE JOURNAL.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, the old proverb tells us; and on the same principle we may say it is an ill flood that doesn't wash something clean. We had one here in New York the other day, a sort of January thaw, which did a good deal of mischief in the maritime neighborhoods, filling mercantile cellars so that they had to be pumped out, and driving scores of unkempt Celts from their subterranean dens. This was an evil, perhaps, but not an unmitigated one, for it drowned myriads of rats, mice, "and such small deer," and washed, for once at least, numbers of all nations, of both sexes, averse to water in its natural state. The good deeds performed by the flood, (for there were a few,) were mostly in Wall street, one of which we beg leave to mention—the preventing of one whole issue of *The Journal of Commerce!* It entered the cellar in which that treasonable sheet is printed, and rose around the misguided men who worked the presses, until they fled for their lives, leaving the paper to its fate. We can conceive of the delight with which that irrepressible flood, black with the filth of the streets, poured mob-like down the slippery steps, burst open the dingy doors and windows, and gave itself up to waste and destruction, knocking the forms into *pi*, putting out the spluttering fires, and kicking up a bobbery generally. We can conceive, too, the immeasurable disgust it must have felt when it found it was getting the worst of it, growing dirtier every minute, until it became at last fetid with ink and treason. It reminds us of the lines of Coleridge on a similar Augean stable:

> "*The river Rhine it is well known,*
> *Doth wash the city of Cologne;*
> *But tell me, Nymphs, what power divine,*
> *Henceforth shall wash the river Rhine?*"

A Very Confused sort of Query.

Is a Cheval-Glass anything like a Stirrup-Cup?